TO ADVERTISERS.

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CAPITOL KITCHENS

A Visit to the Basement of the Sen-

Ovens Which Will Roast Oxen and Gridirons Big Enough for Sheep.

STATESMEN AT THE TABLE



ONGRESS WANTS new kitchens. A committee of the House has been appointed to investigate the matter, and the means satisfied with the dark rooms and old-fashioned cooking utensils with which the basement of that

do as big a business as any high-toned eating houses in the United States. Nearly a thousand people are fed daily at the tables of the House restaurant, and fully five hundred have their stomachs tickled by the appetizing viands dished up in the restaurant of the Senate. The Senate of the United States recently put in new kitchens, and there is no club house in the world that has a better culinary apparatus. Our greatest statesmen are more particular as to their bills of fare than they are as to the bills before Congress. They want all the latest frills in the fashion of their dishes, and they use everything that modern invention can supply to help them in their cooking. I have spent some time this week in sampling the good things of the restaurants and have made a study of the Senate kitchen. The latter cannot but be interesting to the women of the United States. They are away down under the ground. You go through winding stairways into the subbasement of the Capitol. You take a Sabbath day's journey through gloomy corridors, and you finally find yourself in a suite of bright rooms lighted entirely from the top, and floored, walled and ceiled with the cleanest of white tiles. These rooms are vaulted. They are the kitchens, storerooms and bakeries of the Senate and they form one of the busiest parts of the Capitol building. It takes about thirty employes to run them. You see whiteaproned, white-capped men everywhere, and there are cooks and dish washers, oyster shuckers and bakers, making up a corps large enough to run a big summer hotel. The main room of the kitchen proper is 15 feet wide by 100 feet long. It contains to ranges, each big enough to roast an ox, and it has patent steamers and baking machines here and there about it. In one corner is the biggest soup pot in Washington. It will hold about two bushels of liquid and It is the size of the largest apple butter kettle. It is made of the brightest of red copper and it is used for keeping the stock for the making of the soup. Nickel-plated steam pipes run through it and the liquid is always hot. A little further over there is a copper pot of about half this size, heated in the same way, in which the cranberry sauce and apple sauce which is eaten by these Senators is cooked, and near this is a patent turkey roaster. It would make your mouth water to know just how good the turkeys cooked by this process are. They are roasted by steam, and the roaster is a double iron box about as big as the average dry goods box, within the walls of which steam is conducted by nickel-plated pipes, thor-



oughly roasting the mallard ducks and the

-pound turkeys which are laid away

Another feature of this kitchen is the grill. It is a gridiron so large that you could lay the largest sheep upon it and broil it. This rests over a bed of red-hot charcook, and the fire is such that the steak or chop can be well done in five minutes. This grill is kept going about six hours a day, and the juicy meat which comes from it has made most of the gray matter which you will find in the alleged brains of the Congressional Record. The chief cook presides over the ranges. He chief cook presides over the ranges. He gets \$100 a month as wages, and his cooking stoves are large enough for a Long Eranch hotel. The main range is six feet wide and twelve feet long, and a curious thing about it to me is the holes in the top and the stove lids. These last are made of rings of metal, one inside of the other, so that you can make the certification. so that you can make the opening over the coals as big around as a saucer or as large as a dishpan. Over the stove is a great iron awning, above which is a ventilator, so that the smell of the cooking is drawn off into the open air, and in this vast kitchen where there are dozens of turkeys and all sorts of vegetables over the fire there is not as much smell as you will find in the rooms of a young married couple who are doing light housekeeping. Right under the range there are hot caverns for roasting, and one range is devoted entirely to the roasting of turkey and game. The bakery of the establishment is a great iron safe, as large as the vault of an ordinary bank. This is presided over by a baker, and every roll and loaf eaten in the Senate restaurant is baked in this safe. In the center of the room there are tables of zinc kept hot by steam, and upon these lie great dishes of roasts and stews ready to be cut up or dished out and sent

with electricity and as cold as an ice house. In another room I was shown where the supplies of the establishment are kept. This was about fifteen feet square, and it was walled with shelves upon which was it was walled with shelves upon which was a stock large enough for a good-sized grocery store. There were wines, canned goods and eatables of all sorts. Bags of potatoes lay upon the floor. Barrels of apples stood here and there. There were crackers by the box, oranges by the crate and bottles by the dozens. In case of a siege Congress could be fed for a month on the supplies of this store house, and everything that a man can possibly order

WHAT CUR SENATORS EAT

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Senators Peffer and Wolcott.

The dining rooms of these Senators are worth looking at. Their walls and ceilings worth looking at. Their walls and ceilings are fresceed. They sit around the finest of damask clofts on chairs of oak, cushioned with green leather. Their dishes are china and their forks are of silver. The most of them prefer steel knives, and silver is only used for the cutting of fruit. The common dining room is apart from that used by the states tickled by the shed up in the restaute Senate of the United in new kitchens, and they take a full meal at noon every day of the year.

It is funny to watch them eat and to see "Upon what meat these our Caesars feed that they may grow so great." Take Don Cameron. He looks like a dyspeptic, and as he sits in the Senate he chews his red mustache as if he were hungry. He is as lean as a rail, and you would never suppose that he was one of the biggest eaters of the Capitol. He likes rich food, and he washes he was one of the biggest eaters of the he was one of the biggest eaters of the Capitol. He likes rich food, and he washes his lunch down every day with a pint of champagne. One of his favorite dishes is calves liver and bacon, and he smacks his lips three times a week over a chafing dish stew. Senator Stewart of Nevada is another man who is fond of a chafing dish stew, and there is a baker's dozen of Senators who think that oysters served in this way form a dish for the gods. Senator Stewart cooks his oysters himself. He calls for a dozen of the finest selects and these are brought to him at the table and a chafing dish is set before him. There is no water used. The oysters are stewed in their own liquor in a large glass of the best sherry wine, and in addition he puts in a big lump of butter and the yolks of two eggs, and then salts and peppers to taste. It is one of the richest disher known to the raw bivalves. He stands up, and he eats his saddle rock oysters standing. Old sweet potatoes, and Isham G. Harris seldom gets more than a glass of milk at the Capand then salts and the yolks of two eggs, and then salts and peppers to taste. It is one of the richest dishes known to public men and is very productive of gout. Senator Stewart drinks no wine with his meals, but he how and then has a bottle of beer. He is not very particular about his surroundings, but he likes to do his own cooking



Senator Stewart's Chaffing Dish. Senator Hawley knows what is good, but dish is chicken soup, and after this he has a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk. If he has a friend with him he spreads himself out over the whole bill of fare, but when alone his lunch is a light one. Senator Sherman is another pie eater. His favorites are apple and custard, and he always takes a glass of milk with his lunch. Senator Frye lunches on apple pie and a cup of tea. Peffer of Kansas confines himself to a bowl of bread and milk or an oyster stew. Peffer and he doesn't waste his change on waiters. Joe Blackburn and Arthur P. Gorman are both fond of good living. Blackburn likes a toddy made of old Pepper whisky to take with his meals, and Gorman eats his meats cold. He is fond of cold ham and turkey. and one of his side dishes is usually hashed brown potatoes served up with a poached egg upon them.

reputation of being a light feeder. He is, however, one of the richest gourmands of the Senate, and he is fond of filling his round stomach with a chaing dish stew, and he dotes on sweetbreads served up in butter. There is nothing too good for Senator Wolcott. He wants his food highly seasoned and he is very fond of pheasants and other game. He likes a nice porterruns down its sides. He eats a big meal every noon and the day is cold indeed when you find any wrinkles in his stomach. All of these western men live well. Hans-brough and Dubois want the best that the cooks can provide. Senator Perkins of California is a great feeder, and his colleague, Senator White, picks out half a dozen dish-es and eats them all. These men seldom dine alone and the average statesman likes company at his meals. Henry Cabot Lodge usually brings a party in with him, and Tom Reed, Julius Caesar Burrows and Doliver of Iowa come to the Senate and eat their lunches together. Reed usually takes a course dinner at noon. He begins with blue points and likes to wash his meals



Senator Vest and the Oyster. these of zinc kept hot by steam, and upon these lie great dishes of roasts and stews ready to be cut up or dished out and sent to the eating rooms. Another room, almost as large as this kitchen, is devoted to keeping things hot, and there are more steam tables in this filled with hot tin boxes, in which are all sorts of viands.

A Mammoth Store Room.

I took a look at the refrigerators. One was filled with turkeys and game. The halves of beeves and sheep hung upon the walls, and the room was so large that comes from the water, and he feeds his brain on black bass five times a week. He is fond of Mallard duck, and he washes his lunches down with a pot of hot coffee. He drinks a great deal of hot milk and takes a bowl of milk as a nightcap before going to sleep. The New York Senators usually come to lunch together, and they are ooth good feeders, though Hill merely nibbles at the dishes he orders, while Murphy eats all of the best and lots of it. Mitchell of Oregon makes his lunch off an oyster stew and a glass of sherry. Platt of Connecticut is fond of a bowl of custard or a chafing dish stew, and Senator Petti-Senator Cush Davis is one of the big fish or a chafing dish stew, and Senator Petti-grew likes lamb chops and cold roast grew likes lamb chops and cold roast beef. Power of Montana is a dyspeptic. He has no stomach to speak of, and he looks at his victuals with such a vinegar aspect that his milk has to be boiled be-fore it is brought to him for fear it will sour. His regular lunch is a bowl of boiled milk and a plate of brown bread well toastmilk and a plate of brown bread well toast-ed. He breaks the toast into the milk and

cut up, and another vault is devoted to oyster shucking and fresh oysters, and here the terrapins are kept. One great copper box in the kitchen is devoted to the steaming of oysters, and there are special dishes for the getting up of terrapin stews. The dishes used would stock a big queensware store, and it keeps one or two men continually washing at the dishes. The plates which are used for sending up food are kept warm in a patent dish warmer, which is heated by steam, and the ceilings of these rooms are filled with great hooks like those of a smoke house, on which the brightest of copper and tin pans and kettles are hung. A dumb waiter runs from the kitchen to the restaurants of the Senate, and about the only cold things served to the statesmen are the ice water and champagne.

brandy. He is a rich man and always has friends with him. He is very particular to have his account just right to the cent, and he would, I doubt not, fight with the waiter for the overcharge of a penny, and after he had gotten the matter settled his way would like as not give the negro a fee of a dollar. He is a queer man as regards money matters, and he believes in running everything, from his politics to his pancakes, on a business basis. Another rich man is Senator Stockbridge of Michigan. He wants the best he can get, but he never drinks anything but water or milk. Turpically the wants of the Senate, and about the only cold things served to the statesmen are the ice water and champagne.

Wilson of Iowa, the great prohibitionist, usually dines off a glass of milk and a piece of apple ple, and Roger Q. Mills can fill up his bread basket with chicken salad and feel like a king.

One of the biggest feeders we have had in

of apple pie, and Roger Q. Mills can fill up his bread basket with chicken salad and feel like a king.

One of the biggest feeders we have had in the Senate for years was Senator Stanford. He ate the richest of food and he would take dishes like calf's liver and bacon and chafing dish stews day after day for a week in succession. He generally drank brandy and soda or ginger ale with his meals, and he kept his system pretty well loaded with fats. He gave lunches sometimes to his brother Senators, and he seldom ate by himself. Don Cameron often gives his friends dinners at the Capitol, and one of the great lunchers of the past was George H. Pendlelunchers of the past was George H. Pendle-ton. He used to feed statesmen by the dozens, and he had stand-up lunches in his committee rooms while he was in the Senate. The biggest lunch of recent times was given by Senator McPherson. This was about three years ago, and seventy-five gentlemen and ladies sat down at the table. Senator Gorman gave a lunch to Nat Good-win in the Capitol this winter, and the menu



was something like this: First, there were

gets more than a glass of milk at the Capitol. Faulkner likes caw oysters. Higgins of Delaware fattens up on baked apples, and Chandler of New Hampshire, lean as he is, often takes a chafing dish stew. Ransom seldom eats more than a cracker and a glass of milk. Cockrell is satisfied with dry bread, and Senators Aldrich of Rhode Island and Morrill of Vermont are both milk drinkers. Nearly all of these Senators terrapin, and on the whole they are fairly good livers.

The Luscious Diamond Back. Speaking of terrapin, these are more in demand every year here at Washington. No big dinner is now complete without them, and I am told that the terrapin crop now amounts to the enormous aggregate of \$2,000,000 every year. They sell for all sorts of fancy prices, and \$30 a dozen is a low average. I venture to say that there will be in the neighborhood of a million terrapin eaten this year, and there are now a number of terrapin farms along the a number of terrapin farms along the Chesapeake bay which are said to pay, while there is one on the Patuxent river which contains thousands of terrapin, and in which they are hatched, raised and fed for the market. Another farm is run by New York parties, and the probability is that these farms will be increased in numper and size with the present demand. The Chesapeake terrapin are twice as good as those which come from Delaware and other parts of the country and they will bring twice as much in the market. There are people who make a business of catching terrapin, and all the oyster boats catch them when they can. The terrapin often run in shoais and they are sometimes caught with seines. As many as a hundred have been taken at one haul. They are often caught in the fall and packed away in barrels. Provided they are kept in the dark, it is said that they can be held for weeks without injury, and those which come to Washington are brought here i barrels. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

Evidence That the Mind Reasons to

the Cause Rather Than From It. rom the Pittsburg Dispatch. "Did it ever occur to you that when we iream our minds operate backward?" said scientific man yesterday. I mean by this that the cause which gives the impression to the sleeper's mind that makes him begin to dream is always the climax of the vision. We can find many examples that will sustain this theory. Take, for instance, a man who falls out of bed. He dreams, perhaps, that he has fallen from a precipice The cause of this dream is the shock he receives by coming in contact with the floor. Between the time he receives the fall and the moment he awakes-in this short period, almost infinitesimal--his mind follows out the impression received by the fall, reasoning to it as a climax. Thus, when he comes to his senses he remembers having had the vision and wonders why he should have fallen out of bed just at the moment he should have reached the bottom of the abyss. It would be folly to think that he had been dreaming of fall-ing, and then suited his actions to the dream by doing so at exactly that moment. had dreams in which explosion occurred, and they were caused by the noise of a door being slammed. The noise sound gave my mind the impression of an explosion, and so I reasoned to it. The details have been so perfect and the series of incidents leading up to the explosion have seemed to take up such a great length of time that I have often wondered at the rapidity of thought while in sleep. In a moment incidents can be reviewed which it would take hours to act out. I know of a friend who fell asleep while looking at a clock one afternoon and began a trip to New York in a dream. He remembered vividly the ride from his house to the depot; how he was stopped by a friend, who questioned him about important business; now he got on the train after having an altercation with the baggageman in regard to charges for overweight, all of which compelled him to run to catch the train; how he sat in the parlor car and enjoyed the scenery, remembering all the stations until he arrived at Greensburg, when a friend asked him to join a game of poker how he played each hand, the pleasant recollection of several times holding four aces being plainly in his mind; how he cept for dinner until he arrived at Phila delphia, when he counted over some \$400 in winnings. Then he remembered having met a friend while eating in Broad street station who talked upon a leading topic in politics; then he got on the train and be gan reading a magazine which he had pur-chased at the news stand, finally arriving at Jersey City. He had just got on the ferry boat when his wife came in and woke him. He rubbed his eyes, and thinking he had been asleep for some time he looked up at the clock, when he found that

SEEKERS FOR OFFICE

A Newspaper Congressman on One of the Trials of Legislators.

A WEARY, THANKLESS TASK.

The Places at the Disposal of Cabinet Officers.

CUTTING OFF HEADS

Written for The Evening Star.



ITH LOWERING skies and murky fogs, the rush for oftice continues. Men, women and children are involved. The hard times increase the rush. What adds to the pathetic character of the hunt is the fact that those who are in office make most desperate efforts to retain their positions. Wid-

ows who work to support their families have lost their situations. Old soldiers have been discharged, and among them men who have received the medal of honor. Those in need seemed to have received no more favor than those not in need. The civil service law is the only protection for them, but there are many places not classified and not subject to civil service regulations.



In former administrations politics has been an important factor in the distribution of these places. It is a factor to a far less degree in the present administration. The wishes of the Representatives and of the Senators are more frequently disregarded. Some are never consulted as to federal appointments in their district or state. Others secure appointments with very little trouble. Those nearest the heads of departments seem to have more influence than officials immediately interested.

Congressmen Without Influence. All cabinet officers have more or less appoin ments. The Secretary of State is credited with the power of distributing foreign missions and consulships. These appointments, however," are made by the President. It is said that Mr. Gresham really has very little to do with them. They have been distributed thus far, with few exceptions, after consultations with the nearest assistant secretary of state. Special congressional favors may have secured a moiety of them, but the recommenda tions of not one Congressman in twenty have been favorably considered. Outside influences swirl in and bear away the prize

While this may be annoying to a Con ressman, it is exasperating to a Senator The Constitution provides that the President may make these appointments "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.' When they are made without regard to a Senator's wishes, they are apt to provoke a controversy in executive session. They may lie in the hands of a Senate committee for



The Office Seeker from the South If the office is an important one and the government is suffering because it is no filled, the President has it in his power to withdraw the nomination and make another one. When Justice Blatchford of the Supreme court died, the President nominated Judge Hornblower for the vacancy. The Senate took no action. Meantime a special session of Congress ended and the regular session began. Some Senators doubtless anticipated that if the Senate failed to confirm the nomination at the special session the President might take the hint and nom inate a new man at the regular session. This, however, was not done. The President renominated Judge Hornblower and the decisive action of the Senate followed. Mr. Van Alen, when nominated for minis-ter to Italy, relieved both the President and the Senate of their embarrassment in declining the office. There seems to have been little doubt of his confirmation if he had not

Nominations for postmasters, narshals, district attorneys and other fed eral officers, including vacancies in army and navy grades, frequently drag in the Each Senator fancies that unde Senate. Each serator lances that under the Constitution he is entitled to some say before the nomination is made. If he does not get it, he is frequently able to delay action indefinitely, if not to defeat it. Minor Offices.

apples stood here and there. There were darkers by the dozens. In case of a siege Congress could be fed for a month on the supplies of this store house, and everything that is neverything that a man can possibly order is here. In one of the rooms there is a butcher's block, upon which the meat is So much for the higher offices in the gift

the new Secretary of the Navy, who has, undoubtedly, followed the wishes of the President in the matter. Mechanics and skilled laborers employed in the yards are thus protected, while the vast army outside seeking their places are disappointed.



The Office Seeker from the West. There are, however, a few clerkships and messengers not under the classified service. The struggle for these places is terrific. It is safe to say that there are at least a hundred men for each place. The Secretary has been overburdened with applications. The good of the service requires that these changes should not be made expeditiously. Politics does not always throw the right man in the right place. Indeed, in some cases where changes have been made, three or four men have been tried before a competent clerk has been secured.

Under the Treasury Department. Great pressure has also been brought to bear upon the Secretary of the Treasury. His official duties have been so arduous that for months he has been unable to give even a hearing to office seekers. The few that have been appointed have been selected by subordinate officials. Collectors, surveyors, marshals, special agents, subtreasurers, chiefs of divisions, auditors and others are appointed by the President, usually upon the Secretary's recommendation. The su-bordinate officers in these bureaus are ap-pointed by the Secretary mairly at the re-quest of the chiefs of divisions. For instance: A man is seeking an appointment as boiler inspector. He writes out his ap-plication, indorsed by different Congressmen and democratic leaders. It is placed on file at the Treasury Department, and, in most cases, referred to the officer having charge of such matters. His recommendation goes a long way in securing the office. Without it, the applicant is almost sure to go to the wall. There are today in the Treasury wall. There are today in the Treasury Department enough applications for office to fill a freight train, and they still pour in upon the department. To give taese applications careful consideration would require years of steady work. Nevertheless, changes are constantly being made, but the prizes are as few and as far between as those in a Havana lottery.

The Department of the Interior. ploying thousands of men and women. The most of the employes are protected by the civil service rules. There are hundreds, however, who are not. An army of women are seeking these few places. When a vacancy occurs nearly every Congressman in the House is importuned to go to the front on behalf of some applicant. Those who make a business of seeking offices instead of attending to their congressional duties, with rare exceptions, appear to be as unsuccessful as others. There are Representatives who tramp the departments so continuously that it is hard to find them when their vote is required to make a quorum. As for the registers of land offices, surveyors, Indian agents and other places in distant states, they are appointed

by the President.

The War Department, in comparison with others, has very little patronage to dis-tribute. For that little, however, there is a constant fight. Secretary Lamont is emi-nently practical and distributes whatever

he has promptly and graciously.

The Department of Justice has also very little patronage. The United States district attorneys are appointed by the Presiden usually, but not necessarily, on the recom-mendation of the Attorney General. These district attorneys select their own subor-

dinates The P. O. D. Headsman.

The Post Office Department fairly swarms with applications for office. It employs hundreds of clerks in Washington alone. The most of them are under the civil service rules. The main patronage is in fourthclass post offices. These directly interest all democratic Congressmen. Robert A. Maxwell, the fourth assistant postmaster general, has charge of these offices. They were formerly within the gift of the first assistant postmaster general. It was in their distribution that Adlai E. Stevenson and James S. Clarkson made their reputation as heads-

against Mr. Maxwell, but the record shows that he wields the ax as skillfully as did even Stevenson or Clarkson. The latter did business by spurts. Days would drag by without a removal and anon hundreds of heads would fall into the basket within twelve hours. Maxwell works the guillotine steadily. The aggregate shows that he has made more removals since he has been in re removals since he has been in office than Clarkson made in the same The pressure, however, is so great that dis-satisfaction still exists. It threatened to show itself in the democratic caucus on the night of January 5. A democratic Repre-sentative had a resolution prepared asserting that it was the sense of the caucus that every fourth-class post office in the country should be filled by a democrat before March. The friends of the administration, it is said, got wind of his purpose, and the caucus adjourned before he could present his resolu-

An Exceptional Case.

Congressman Wilson of Washington, whose cry of "cuckoo" in the House has won him the sobriquet of "the Cuckoo Congressman," tells a singular story of an interview with Postmaster General Bissell. Entering his office last week, Mr. Wilson said, "General, I am here in behalf of a postmaster in my district. It is a vital matter. He is in great distress, and it is in the power of your department to relieve him." "What can I do?" Mr. Bissell replied.

"You can accept his resignation." Mr. Wilson said. "He resigned last August and the office has not yet been filled. He lost one opportunity to go into business. his resignation was not accepted. He has another chance to make a living, and he not only urges, but demands that his resigna-"Well," replied Mr. Bissell, "this appears

to be an exceptional case. I will put him down on the 'Emergency Lists.'" Wilson says he got a glance at the "Emergency List" when the name was put down. "I give you my word, sir," he said, "there were over a thousand names on it."

Last of all is the Department of Agricul-Hundreds of female clerks have been dismissed, but a horde of applications remain. Very few, if any, obtain places. The bureau of animal industry is a part of this department. It extends throughout the Unitdepartment, it extends throughout the child ed States, giving employment to several hundred persons. Aside from this and little bureaus in Washington, the patronage is very limited and the appointments are less. Such is the field upon which the army of office seekers operate in Washington. It is

THE OSAGE INDIANS

Some of the Characteristics of This Tribe of Red Men.

INCIDENTS OCCURRING ON PAYMENT DAY

They Can't Punish a Cripple Even if He Embezzles.

AN AGENT'S DISCIPLINE.



BOUT A YEAR AGO A last summer," said A. H. Lewis, "I spent a day with the Osages. It was payment day at their capital, Pauhuska. I suppose some twenty build-

About four hundred of these are half-bloods, or whites, admitted into the tribe. These wear store clothes of an inferior sort and and leave their guileless ailies to settle. attempt to distinguish themselves by civilized airs. The eight hundred others wear blankets, don feathers, decorate their faces with paint and are proud of it. These are the full-bloods. The Osages are a very wealthy outfit. They have some 1,500,000 acres of as good land as ever slipped from the palms of the Infinite. If any one were to buy it at anything like a value, it would be worth fully \$10 an acre as an average. Aside from this, the Osages have some \$9,000,000 in the treasury in Washington, \$8,000,000 of which is supposed to bear 5 per cent interest per annum. I don't know that the interest is over paid, but, whether he does as a white man.' The agent, howas interest or a donation, each Osage re-ceives from his great white father in Wash-ceives from his great white father in Wash-

Each family is provided with a card, with he would wear a blanket and a feather the names of the seven traders. When your until he saw fit to lay them down of his Osage craves a saddle, or ten pounds of own accord.

"The agent was a man of few words, but The same strain is felt in the Interior Department. This department covers the penof aboriginal interest, he goes to the store ished a set of leglocks on him, placed him looks it. He finds set down opposite every trader's name exactly what this particular child of nature owes. The aggregate, of mind to to course, makes up his entire financial embarrassment. As every trader knows just how many squaws and papooses look to this particular buck as the head of the family, he is therefore able to determine just how much money the great father pays him every three months; and it does not take long with a pen and a piece of paper to discover whether he has any prospective assets, and, therefore, whether he is to be trusted. If there is enough money coming to him at the next payment day, he gets what he came after. If not, the trader pats him on the shoulder, smiles upon him and him on the shoulder, smiles upon him and exhorts him to tie a string to his ambitions until after he next payment day. Then he can have his saddle, or his sugar, or his quarter of beef, or anything else he pleases.

Divided Into Five Bands. "The politics of the Osage government divide the Osages into five bands. They correspond to the states of a nation, or the

counties of a state. The Osages have their justice, their treasurer, their attorney gencers of the Osages get over a hundred dol-lars a year salary. The honor, and the op-portunity it affords for 'skinning' some-body, is regarded as sufficient without pil-body, is regarded as sufficient without pil-that even in sickness and delicacy it is ing up any great monetary bait by way of stipend. The national council has fifteen members, three from each band. The bands

have names as follows:
"Salt Creek band, Black Dog band, Clamou band, Pauhuska band and Strike Axe
band.
"When I was there the names of these

law makers, as written out by the interpreter for me, were:
"Nekawashetonga, or The-Ambitious-

Ebokawatainka, or The-Saucy-Paola. "Washashawatalnka,or The-Saucy-Osage. "Olahawala, or The-Man-Who-Follows-

Up. "Houshetamoie, or The-Man-Who-Steps-High. "Tehscamoie, or The-Yellowston "Tihawatainka, or The-Saucy-Willow.
"Tewahehe, or The-Man-Who-Scares-Up-

"Opontongah, or The-Big-Elk.
"Moushonashou, or The-Man-Who-Walks The-Land.

Kathetawtainka, or The-Saucy-Chief. "Cyprian Tyrian.
"Saucy Calf.
"Frank Ravelette.

"Tsanopahshe, or The-Man-Who-Is-Not-Afraid-To-Die. "All these officers were elected. And an Indian election is a great scheme. The bailot box is inside of a sort of rope corral. This rope fence, made of picket ropes and lariats tied to trees, prevents anybody from getting within forty feet of the voting table; that is, any outside buck not employed in the actual business of the electric terms. the actual business of the election. Inside are the judges and a few select friends of the candidates, with the interpreter and the clerk of elections. When an Indian votes, the bailot is opened and read so that all the world may hear—read in English and in the Osage language, so that none may complain that it was not honest and understood. As a result, fraud would seem

Zealous Politicians.

"These Indians are very zealous poliicians. The schemes they will put up, the plots they will lay, and the political pitfalls and snares they will rig, would do credit to Tammany. They will rake a candidate's past with a fine-tooth comb, and every story they can tell on him, whether true or false, is told and retold, talked over and commented upon around every compfire in Osagedom. They have a very good code of laws, I am told. Some of the faults of their criminal laws are obvious. falls and snares they will rig, would do faults of their criminal laws are obvious. One was indicated to me as I stood look ing on the day I was there. A little dry dark, humpbacked Osage was standing dark, humpbacked Osage was standing near. He wore the clothes of a white man ture. Secretary Morton went at it with a pruning knife soon after his installation. pled Indian I ever saw. What Indians d pled Indian I ever saw. What Indians do with their cripples is never explained, but there are never any about at any rate. This particular distortion, who had a shrewd, keen, weasel face, was named to me as a former treasurer of the tribe.

"'He 'loped off with \$30,000 of our money.' My informant was a full-blooded Indian with the commonplace name of Bill Con nor, and was much feared and respecte

in the tribe for intelligence, as well as for traditions touching his bloody ferocity.

"'How was that?" I inquired.

"'Why, he was treasurer,' continued Connor, 'and the cattle companies had

locate him the money was gone.'
"'Did you punish him when he returned?'
was asked.

was asked.

"'Yes,' replied Connor, 'he was tried for what would be embezzlement under your laws, and found guilty, but we couldn't de anything with him.'

"'Why not?"

"'Why not?"

"'We have only two punishments,' said Connor, 'whipping and death, but the law excuses a cripple. If a man is crippled, the idea is, I suppose, that he has been punished in advance by the Great Spirit for anything and everything he can possibly do. So, no matter what crimes he may commit, the nation, under its laws, punishes him no further. All we could do with this gentleman was to stop his annuity. Payment day does not mean anything to him, for he does not get a splinter.'

A Man of Importance.

A Man of importance.
"This Connor, as I said, was a full-blooded Indian, and while not a chief, or holding any office, was a man of considerable importance. He had been well educated at the Catholic school, and was withal a very earnest member of that church. So earrest in truth that he was on rather bad terms with the agent, against whom Connor spent most of his time formulating gunpowder plots with the gunpowder left out. Connor had seen a great deal of the white men, and had been to Washington several times. He spoke as good English as anybody. Among white men he, as well as some other Osages, had a bad

some twenty buildings, stores and agency structures, made up the capital. Out in a shallow valley, about half a mile from the agency, were camped the Indians. The valley is wide, but it does not have a deep effect. It looked gray and dusty in the summer sun, while now and then some clot of evergreen showed where some thicket of pine grew on a distant hill. There are some sixteen hundred Osages.

About four hundred of these are half-bloods,

way. An Agent's Discipline.

"Speaking of his troubles with the agent, I was told that when the then agent, Miles-a gentleman with a very thorough knowledge of the Indian character-came to the Osages, he found the redoubtable Connor going about in blanket and breechclout, with feathers in his hair like the rest. The full-blood Osage in his primitive methas interest or a donation, each celves from his great white father in Washington \$140 a year in four payments. The head of a family draws this money. If there are ten in a family, he has \$1,400 a year, and spends it like a copper-colored lord.

Seven Traders in the Nation.

"There are seven traders in the Osage nation. To the extent of the money due them, every Indian has 'tick' with these traders.

face of a big cliff, put a hammer in his hand and told him that he would keep him there breaking rocks until he mind to the acceptance of coat, shirt and

"Connor was stubborn. For four days he languidly broke rocks. Other Osages came and contemplated Connor at his labors. They encouraged him even as a man who suffered for the public good. But

Sir Andrew Clark on Work and Idle

From the London Daily News. It is well known that the late Sir Andres Clark had a contempt for the view that hard work hurts a man. From the latest of the series of articles reproducing in "The Lancet" instructions given by him in head chief-a sort of president-their chief clinical medicine at the London Hospital we make the following interesting quotaeral and their congress. This last is called tion, reviving, in his own words, a bit of the national council. It is made up of three autobiography, with the substance of which delegates from each band. None of the offi- our readers are already familiar: "Labor is cers of the Osages get over a hundred dol- the life of life. And especially is it the life

better for the organ to do what work of its own it can, provided it can do it without injury. And I can say to you from a considerable experience of tuberculous pulmonary disease, I can say with perfect confidence, that those who have done the best have usually been those who have occupied themselves the most. I never knew my own parents. They both died of phthisis. At the age of twenty-one I myself went to Madeira to die of phthisis. But I did not die, and on coming back I had the good luck to get into this great hospital, and in those days they were not very pleased to have the Scotchmen coming to London to occupy such appointments. The members of the staff had heard that I had tubercle and they wagered 100 to 1 that I would only have the appointment six months at most. The reason given for that was that I did not eat and worked too hard. I got the appointment. Thirty-eight or thirty-nine years have gone since that time and it is all the other doctors that are gone. Only I am left here on the staff—an old gentleman—not dead yet."

There was one little mistake here as the There was one little mistake here, as the editor of "The Lancet" points out. Sir Andrew Clark had for the moment forgotten that Dr. W. J. Little was still alive.

Labor is life, said Sir Andrew Clark, but

he continued in the lecture above quoted, "worry is killing. It is bad management that kills people. Nature will let no man overwork himself unless he plays her false—takes stimulants at irregular times, smokes too much or takes opium. If he is regular and obeys the laws of health and walks in the way of physiological rightwaits in the way of physiciogical right-eousness, nature will never allow him or any other person to work too much. I have never yet seen a case of breaking down from mere overwork alone; but I admit that it is necessary above all things to cultivate tranquility of mind. Try to help your perfects to evergets their wills in help your patients to exercise their wills it regard to this-for will counts for some thing in securing tranquility—to accept things as they are, and not to bother about

The Door Bell. om the Somerville Journal.

If you could only always know,
When the door bell rings,
Just who it is that stands below
Making the door bell jingle so,
Quite frequently you wouldn't go,
When the door bell rings.

It's always at your busiest time,
When the door bell rings,
Your bands, maybe, are black with grim
In such a case your language I'm
Quite sure I'd never put in rhyme
When the door bell rings.

But to the door you always go
When the door bell rings.
You see, you're curious to know
Just who is on the portico,
And so outsiders get a show,
When the door bell rings.